

study the *First Principles* and other works of her old and constant friend. In earlier days she had merely played games with his intellect collecting facts in support of his theories, and learning from him "To discern not the truth but the relevance of facts." Now, as she read him systematically, his generalisations began to serve as an illuminating guide—a guide, in many directions, to views far enough away from his. This was eminently the case with her views on religion. Her American trip had increased the "intellectual difficulties of faith" by which the girl of eighteen was already tormented, before she was twenty, her "feeble hold on orthodox Christianity" had disappeared. But she found it impossible, hard as she tried, to put the religion of science in its place, nor were her efforts, under the inspiration of Fiddenc Harrison and his wife, to find a home in the Religion of Humanity, any more satisfying. The death of her mother, in 1882, changed the colour of her life and of her outlook. By then, through struggles that seemed, at the time, largely self-defeating, she had found something to her of immense and lasting importance. Years were to pass, middle life was to be reached, before a "true metaphysical resting place" had been achieved, nevertheless, she had, by twenty-four, discovered that, for her, some element of what can only be called mystical communion with the unseen and unknowable was a necessity for tolerable existence.

"During the ten years intervening between my

mother's death  
and my father's death and my own marriage,—  
crucial yeais  
during which I acquired the craft of a social  
investigator, ex-  
perienced intense emotional strain, and persisted  
in continuous  
intellectual toil under adverse circumstances—it  
was the habit  
of prayer which enabled me to survive, and to  
emerge relatively  
sound in body and sane in mind "

In her Diary, on the day after her mother's  
funeral, she  
records